Che Red Albert Circle O Payson Terbuno

OVER." "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M. RITCHEY.

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, who derives his quoted name from an angry red withmark on the back of his right hand, is about to be released from prison after serving his third term. It is a matter of instory that one member of every generation of the Barden family has been branded with the Red Circle birthmark and that member has always been a crimwal. Jim and his wavward son, Ted Burden, are the only known hying representatives of the Borden family known hying representatives of the Borden file wave and her mother, members of the Borden file hard her mother, members of the wentility set who are interested in the reform of ex-convicts most Borden as he is rebased. "Circle Jim" catches his son in the net of stealing. Realising that his family is a member to except the section. is remained. "Circle Jim" catches his son in the art of stealing. Realising that his family is a manace to seciety, he enters the bedroom where Teel is sleeping and turns on the gas. Meanwhile, Lamar chances upon an underground passage where "Circle Jim" has taken refuge and in a fight. Jim is killed. "The last of the Bordens and the opd of the Red Circle," ways Lamar. But the next day be has tounded by the shell of a woman's hand outside a outsided automobile, showing the Red Circle of the white flesh. Lamar scribbles down the number on the license plate. Jame Travis, marked with the Red Circle rolls Grant, a loan shark. Mary, her nurse, discovers the theft.

THIRD INSTALLMENT "TWENTY YEARS AGO"

"The Red Ctrele! God help us!" muttered the nurse once more, as June looked at her, dazed, incredulous.

You know about the Red Circle? Won't you please tell me?" she en-"You must know, because I can see you recognize it. Don't you see how terrible it is for me? Mary, won't you tell me?

The nurse's arm tightened around the slim young body. Unconsciously she inpaed into the soothing, automatic patting that she had used so often to

put the baby June to sleep. "I don't know, lamb. I don't know anything, precious," she stammered. Mary's face took on the haggardness of one who is awakened from what seemed to be a gruesome nightmare,

only to find that it is a grim truth. She turned from the kneeling figure and went quickly through the door and down the stairway, one hand pressed to her threat

June looked after her, stunned by a swift, certain fear. Then, slowly she rose from her knees, walked over to her dressing table and sank into the little chair before the mirror.

In a moment she had decided. Humming softly, she ran down the steps and into the garden.

Down a side path, in a little clump of bushes was a stone bonch. Sitting on this bench, swaying to and fro. with tightly clasped hands, was Mary.

fune reached her side, breathless and alarmed. As she approached Mary looked up in piteous supplication. "Don't ask me, precious! Don't ask me, dear! I don't know. I couldn't

tell you, blessed," she moaned, and raised her hands to ward off June's embrace.

The girl sat down and put a loving "People who bring up children and love them." she began slowly, "always



Yourself Together, Mumsia Samcone Is Coming."

baby, almost a baby, to loving moth-I'm not a baby any more. Mary. Esam gullty of-gullty of-"

'Hush! Oh, darling, hush!" she he- his tracks! "They will hear you at the You mustn't say a word about it any more, not even to me-you and then men scrambling off horses'

sisted June, fighting to regain her com- laws turned tail, trying to escapeposure, "until you tell me, about this all except a few-'Slim Bob' was one mark that has soiled my hand-tell of 'em. I saw Mr. Travis make for

me what you know of it. ed wenkly.

"Tell me." "Twenty years ago Mrs. Travia went West on a trip with Mr Travis," said grip, just as I'd left it when the baby the secret. She must never know.

maid. It was a terrible place, out West was, in those days. And the place we went to was a mining town where there was nothing but shacks and saloons and rough-looking men

and half-dead looking women. "At the end of the trip Mrs. Travis was pretty near spent. She oughtn't to have been traveling at such a time. But she just would insist on coming along. I remember Mr. Travis and me had to pretty near carry her into the place where we were going to stay while we were there. It wasn't a regular hotel—the sign said 'Gem Saloon. Also Rooms.' Jake' was the name of the man who kept it.

Jake led the way up the stairs and Mr. Travis and me put our arms around poor Mrs. Travis and just lifted her up that rickety staircase into the bed room on the second floor."

"And then we put her to bed." tween us, Mr. Travis and me. He had to go down and speak to some men, on business. He had gone out West on some business about a gold mine he was interested in, you know. And the reason Mrs. Travis went along was because she was so sick and nerv ous, she said it would 'a' killed her to stay behind. And then, that afternoon. Mr. Travis and most all the men in the town went into the moun tains to see a new gold claim.

They were the roughest looking lot an' there was one a big, powerful fellow, a gambler-'Jim Borden' they

"Jim Borden!" cried June. "Why-"And he was rougher even than the rest of 'em; but they all minded what he said. They went off riding on horses and mules with packs and guns slung on their backs and I remember I lifted Mrs. Travis out of bed and into a rickety, old rocking chair near the window so's she could wave her band good-by and throw a kiss to Mr. Travia

That night her little baby was born. I was all alone there and it went awful with her-I thought she was dying. After a little while I called Jake and I told him about the baby. He said it was fine and he'd send one of the boys out to the mine to Mr. Travis with a note and tell him about the good news.

Then, just as he was going down the stairs again he turned around and said he'd have to make it a double note; because Jim Borden's wife had just had a baby an hour before and Jim would want to know, too.

"Jake sent 'he note. Oh, the night was long! Mrs. Travis was unconscious. And every minute of the time when I wasn't trying to bring her to, I walked the floor with this mite of . baby of hers trying to save them both.

"The next morning early, it seems outlaws outside the town heard that a big shipment of gold was in the roadmost of the men was away at the mines, so they attacked the place I'll never forget the minute I heard the first firing. Short and sharpmostly revolver shots.

"I could hear the women and children herding in, in the barroom downstairs. I could hear 'em calling, frightened, for their husband that wasn't there. Then I heard the doors slamming and the bolts shot into place And in the midst of it all the door of the bedroom flung open and Joe and Jake came in dragging a sick wom-

an between 'em. 'This is Jim Borden's wife,' says Jake to me 'and here's Mrs. Toole carrying Jim's baby-you an' her'll take care of the two sick women and the babies, won't you? And we said

"Mrs. Toole put Jim's baby down on the bed next to Mrs. Travis-it was one of them narrow, no 'count bedsand went to fussing over Mrs. Borden. And I just walked the floor with t other buby and prayed. The fight vas awful! Every now and again some woman downstairs would scream and a child would cry for its father.

"The shooting lasted all morningtheir bullets and their strength; and 'Slim Bob,' the head of the outlaws, was firing at the saloon door-that near he was-when he heard a shot from a different direction and we saw 'Slim Bob' duck and dodge away, slinkers and dear, foolish old nurses. But ing alongside a high wood fence; and at the same time one of the three pecially not since the horrible thing men that was carrying a big timber that happened today. I am branded—that they were going to use to batter to the saloon door, dropped dead in

"Away off in the road at the edge of the town we saw galloping horses, mustr't think of it ever again. Prom- backs and running toward us. They was the men back from the mines! "I can't promise anything," per- They fired as they ran and the outhim and then I made up my mind I'd her and held her close "I'm afraid-I'm afraid," she repeat- go downstairs and call Mr. Travis to come straight up to his poor, uncon-

"On the table was Mrz. Travis' open Mary, speaking rapidly, as if forcing was born. It had a lot of soft, white, each word, i went along - I was the woodly things in it. So I haid the baby aften't we lamb?" Mary was saying,

on them when I ran downstairs-it was safer than the bed. It was safer than the bed-I thought it was safer than the bed," she repeated incoher-

"Mary-Mary!" June shook her slightly. "Don't forget any of it nowyou mustn't, do you hear? You mustn't! You left off where you went

"And when I was going out of the com," continued the old woman, talking so if she were in a trance, "Mrs. Borden must 'a' heard her Jim's voice downstairs, 'cause she kinda tried to pull up out of the chair and then when was halfway down the steps I heard shot and something falling.

Downstairs, in the barroom it was all shouting men. with women crying on their shoulders and little children hanging frightened to their mothers. And I heard big Jim Borden asking Jake about his missus and then jump ing up the steps three at a time with a look like the smile of heaven on his "But in all the crowd I couldn't see

Mr Travis and I began to be afraid. thinking of that woman who loved him so, laying unconscious in bed upstairs and the bany. Sr, when no one was looking, I ran out on the street and there I found him-Mr. Travis-shot through the heart!

"I remember while I was there heard someone come out, heavy, on the porch o, the roadhouse and kind of stagger across the road. He must a' passed close, because it seemed to me I heard the weak, little wail of a newborn child. But I didn't notice much, just then.

"I just wandered back into the sa loon like I was in a nightmare and stumbled up the steps, falling over my skirts and picking myself up; until I got into the bedroom. There, in the middle of the room, hanging over the table, with her eyes glassy staring and her chin dropped, was Jim Borden's wife-dead! Over in the hed laid Mrs Pravis, still unconscious, with a baby

"It was hours before I got the strength to get up from the chair again. It was only when I remembered how queer it was that the baby in the grip didn't cry that I jumped up sudden and went to get it. It was gone! The grip was empty. There was nothing but the dent its little body had made in the soft, woolly things and

"Nobody knows-nobody will ever

need to know. And then—"Look!" June broke in with great egitation. "That man standing on the walk, staring up at the house!" "Who is ho?" asked the nurse quick

ly, alarmed at the girl's trepidation. "It's Max Lamar -- the crime special-A detective! Oh, my precious-3

"No," June's lips curled slightly "not a detective, Mary a crime spe cialist-there is a great difference between the two, you know. He says so,

"There ain't any difference, lamb when they're after you! And it's you he's after-he's found out-he's found you out!

"Hush!" June commanded, placing her hand over the old woman's mouth. "He couldn't have found out he's coming to see me. I asked him to the other day, at the prison. We're imag-ining things, you and I both of usand it isn't good to do that. Come

Seizing her hand June dragged he over the lawn toward the side porch la spite of her attempted bravado she felt trapped. "Get yourself together, mumsle,"

Mary heard June say, gayly, "someone is coming to see us-to see me." emphasized. "Do you remember Mr Lamar—the crime specialist that we met at the prison? He's coming up the walk now. Will you tell him I'll be down in a minute."

Pulling at the fastenings of her morning dress she hurried to her boudoir. She would put on something fetching-and arrange her hair differ ently. A hundred ways and means of fascinating and hoodwinking this very calm and assured young man crowded into her brain.

Standing at the door of her room was Mary, her eyes wide with fear. "You mustn't go down, darling," she urged nervously.

"You dear old foolish!" June answered lightly, "come in and help me dress. Get me a pretty dress. The brown one, I think. And, Mary dear, make me fascinating enough to addle the head of even a crime specialist." She leaned forward and pressed her laughing face close to the mirror of her dessing table. A little, blown wisp of hair tumbled into her eyes Impatiently, she brushed it back ther



"The Fight Was Awful!"

over on the bed was the other one-Jim Borden's-a girl it was, and ours had been a boy."

Her voice broke off with a sudden dry gurgle in her throat. As June shrank away from her, a dawning horror in her eyes, she stretched out two worn, trembling hands in an effort to draw the cirl back.

"You see, it must have been like this Jim Borden had leaped into that room with his heart all bursting with love and pride, and he found his wife dead before him. lying near the baby in the grip, and, looking over he saw the other woman on the bed with her baby beside her. He took the baby he thought was his own and went away-where, no one knew-and I never found out-till too late"

For a moment there was a silence more compelling than sound. Suddenly, flinging her arms wide. June cried

What does it mean? Don't stop thefe. Go on! Go on! What are you trying to make me believe?"

"I did as I thought best at the time Mary went on tonelessly, weary in our men were getting near the end of | heart and body from the purgatory ordeal, "Mr. Travis was dead. Mrs. Travis came to, what could I tell her A baby was there. No one but me knew it wasn't hers. It would 'a killed her to tell her. I never told. She didn't know-she doesn't know-

no one knows. "And 1-1 am-" June gasped out the words

Mary looked stendily into her terrified eyes and gripped her hands firmly. "On the back of Jim Borden's right hand," she said heavily, "there was d

queer Red Circle-they called him 'Cir cle' Jim out there. Just, as later, they -"No! No! I don't believe it-I'm not-I'm not-" June crumpled into a sobbing heap at Mary's feet.

Very cently the old weman lifted "You are Jim Borden's daughter" she declared with a solemnity that "Marked with brooked no dispute. the crime curse. But we must guard

We're going to keep the secret,

stared open-mouthed at her lifted hand Speechless, she pointed to it. As they watched, with unbelieving eyes,

the ring of scarlet faded to a deep rose, then paled to pink. Almost immediately it vanished, leaving an un blomished white surface. At sight of it June bent and kissed the spot in a paroxysm of joy.

It's gone-it's gone!" she cried in

hysteric glee, and wrapped Mary in a crushing bear hos. "That's a good sign I believe in signs, don't you, you poor, nervous, old thing. Do I look all right, in this gown? Do I look pretty and fascinating and-?" "Don't be so gay" pleaded the old

woman, fearfully. Somehow, it seems so awful for you to be laughing just now, and thinking you're going to get the best or that man, 1-

June reached down grasped her wrinkled, trembling hands and started whirling her about in a mad, merry circle, laughing at her breathless expostulations, the write.

Suddenly, in their wild gyrations, her elbow struck a pedestal in the corner of the room. It swayed perilously for a second, then toppled to the floor -the large case upon it smashing to a thousand fragments.

The old woman eyed the shattered bits with superstitious misgiving. "It's an omen" she muttered half to herself. "See what you've done!"

"Oh, everything an omen to you you sweet old calamity croaker! ridiculed June, "have Yama clean it op-there's a dear. And Mary, peek down through the banisters and watch me disarm the suspecion of Mr. Lamar -the great crime specialist!

And laughing at the horrifled expression on the old woman's face the mischief-possessed girl darted down the stairway and into the library. "I am so glad you came," she said simply, as she took Lamar's hand,

When I asked you I was afraid you cover would you're so busy and so important." Lamar laughted, but somehow there was not keen enjoyment in the sound

that came from his lips. I want you to tell me such lots of things," she began enthusiastically

"Your profession must bring day after

day of thrills, suspense-tragedy. Will you tell me something of criminals as you know them? I've tried to study them just a little and-

There was a smothered exclamation: it was in another sound that came from the stairway. June looked up just in time to see a portion of a black shirt move from the hall out on to the porch. Then followed a loworder in Mary's voice-the "broken" and "vase" drifted in through the open window. By a lengthened shadow and a reflection in the window pane June saw that the nurse was standing, hidden, just outside the

It amused the girl. It reminded her of a lioness standing over cub when the hunter drew near. But this man Lamar was so mild, so prefectly harmless doubtless he was a sleuth of great reputation, but under this roof he was merely a courteous man of the world, who called because he was interested in her

"I'll raise the ante." Lamar broke in on her musings—then caught himself. "I beg your pardon, Miss Travis. I have no reason to believe that you are familiar with poker terms. I meant that I'd bid one hundred times the orthodox amount of one cent if you'll tell me what your thoughts were just then. Whatever they were, they were indulgent, cynical and amusing; because your eyes mirrored each one of those moods.

June managed a mock-serious shud

"You appall me, Mr. Lamar," she answered laughingly, "I was thinking just then of the number of criminals you must have met.

"All kinds; and many of each kind," he started gravely. "And, if you really don't mind talking of such things, I'd like to ask you something. Before we met yesterday in the park, Miss Travis, did you see anything of a veiled woman in black?"

Outside, on the porch, a chair scraped along the floor. June heard the sharp intake of Mary's breath.

"I believe I did pass such a woman. she brought out the words slowly, as if unwilling to make the statement ositive. "Yes, now that I think about it. I'm sure I did."

Lamar leaned forward in his chair and half-unconsciously placed a hand upon her arm

"Think, Miss Travis-think!" he Down the stairs came the sleek, patter of Japanese feet in American shoez. Lamar turned, impatiently, as Yama advanced to the center of the room balancing a dustpan and brush in one lean, yellow palm - the other extended with a bit of charred paper fluttering stiffly, from it.

"Pardon. May this be honorable value to Miss June?" he intoned flatiy. Lamar started, at sight of the frag ment. June reached out vaguely, nodded, smiled as best she could and took the paper from the butler's hand. Thank you. Yes. You may go.

With Lamar's eyes upon her it was an effort to say even that. As Yama disappeared through the

doorway, Lamar turned upon her "What is that?" he said sharply

"This?" she inquired faintly, holding the paper before her. "Yes. What is it?"

Without waiting for her answer and before she had a chance to regain her shattered composure, he took the burned document from her hand and examined it carefully.

"Where did you get it?" he asked at length and his tone implied that conviction had taken place of suspicion.

"Why- er- why, the veiled woman in black dropped that note as she hurried by me.

Lamar walked up close to her and looked steadily into her wavering eyes. "Miss Travis," he said gravely, "are you quite sure of that?" Sure? Of course I'm sure!" she was

trying desperately to laugh. Would you mind showing me fast where you saw this woman in black?"

June laughed easily.
"Why, of course, I won't mind, Mr. Lamar. You're making this trifling incident such a frightfully serious affair, that it rather amuses me. detectives I beg your pardon-do crime specialists always have to fasten on such stilly things to track their

Lamar ignored the sarcasm. "You will come?" he repeated. "I'll be ready to go out with you, in

two minutes," she promised, running lightly up the stairs.

criminals?

A black figure moved quickly across the porch and entered at a small side door. Lamar darted to the window too late to see more than its shadow

Upstairs, in the boudoir, June dragged a hat from its box and stood before the mirror swinging it on her hand. There was a curious buzzing sound in her ears and things didn't look sharp and clear cut to her eves. As she turned to leave the room. Mary, breathless and shaking with terror, hurried through the door and threw her arms about her.

"You shan't go!" she declared passionately. "My precious, my lambyou shan't be led to the slaughter. He suspected you. He has from the first. He came to spy, not to visit you. Don't go, dearie-don't go!" "I have brought it on myself," June

answered dutly. "I've got to go. With his suspicion aroused, don't you see it's the only thing left to do? I'll be able to turn his suspicion aside-1 don't know how-but I'll do it. Oh, I'm se tired!

Just for a moment she weakened and placed her head on Mary's shoulder. She had always felt secure that way-as far back as her memory went Even now, a woman grown, she found s strange sense of solace, resting

A stifled exclamation from the nurse

broke into her dream of rest. Startled

she raised her head. She saw a black sleeve, tightly gripped by a white hand in which a vivid circle of blazing red had sudden ly been reborn. Horrified, she traced the daming mark with a trembling

forefinger. Then the tension snapped and she sank to the floor, a whimperingly help-less girl, with both hands pressed to her lift to muffle her frightened sob-

Abruptly June pat to her feet, and tenderly lifted the old woman up beside her.

"You're going to be good and do just as I tell you," she commanded, "be-



"Did You See Anything of a Veiled

cause that is the only way you can help me. And I need help so, dear."

And in less than a minute she had rone, her face wreathed in smiles, waving a gay good-by with the gloves she was drawing on.

At the foot of the stairs Lamar was waiting for her. His manner was now trifle overcourteous.

Upstairs at the window of the girl's sitting room, Mary stood behind the prised at the opinion of the manniers draperies, motionicas, and watched of the Stanfard slump committee to draperies, motionless, and watched them go.

"God, he suspects her! There is danger for my little girl. God, tell me what to do! God-hear me in my trouble-tell me what to do!"

"You will remember precisely where she passed you?" Lamar was saying. suavely. "You see, ordinarily, it is enough to remember just about where a thing happened. But when you're tracking criminals it must be exactly

where."

up I won't remember anything," June warned him, jokingly. "I'm all shivery, right now! I'm thinking it great

fun to be a sleuth."
"Really?" observed Lamar eyeing er keenly. "I trust you will continue to find it 'great fun.' Miss Travis."

"Here!" cried June mock-dramatical-

Slack-that is, where she passed me, I mean. She was pointing a tragic forefinger

suddenly a startled cry burst from her and she raised her arm limply-and which shows more speed and account pointed. Turning, the detective saw a woman

stood motionless on the walk, in front

of a huge tree. Incredulous, Max looked from the ing girl beside him-then back again. The woman hadn't moved. She seemed

unconscious of their presence. "Is that the one" he muttered hoarsely. "It that the woman who CAPITAL CITY BANK passed you?"

Stunned by the horror of it all. June nodded her head. Immediately Lamar left her side and started to stroll aimlessly toward the woman in black. The sound of his steps on the pave-

walked rapidly away. Lemar quickened his pace. June.

June saw the crime specialist clench

him the slip. The girl found a wonderful exhibaration in the fact. As she watched him his chin sud CLOVIS BANK CHOOSES denly shot forward his eyes strained from their sockets, and a smile, cruel yet suave, dawned around his mouth At the rear of the house stood a garage. Across its freshly painted, light gray door sprawled a blotch of inky

black, plastered there by the wind. The breeze died. The black patch fluttered and fell, hanging in limp folds. With three bounds Lamar had first vice president, Charles E. Denreached the garage door and was pulling at the soft cloth. He strained at Lattn; cashier, S. A. Jones. the door, thinking it would give under the pressure. But it was locked.

When Lamar turned to June great be local applications, as they cannot beads of sweat stood on his forehead and rolled from his towners. and rolled from his temples.

have the velled woman this time, and dition of the mucous heing of the perhaps—the mystery of the Red Eustachian Tube. When this the is Circle!"

June garred at the edge of the black

recognized it. It was her own! Inside the garage, flat against the door (imprisoned by the cloak edge she could not tear free) the woman in black pushed the vell back from her ing but an inflamed condition of the gray-white face and prayed:

"God keep my lamb from harm!" CEND OF THIRD INSTALLMENT.)

BOXING GOES ON DESPITE STATUTE

Professional Four - Round Matches Continue in Face of Newly Enacted Prohibitory Measures.

(By Evening Herald Leased Wire)

San Francisco, Jap. 15 - Notwith-standing the fast that the coters of California expressed their disapproval of professional poxing and voted it out of existence at a recen, election, the professional four-round promoters are disregarding the law and continue to stage the four-round affairs just as of yore without any apparent dispostion on the part of the authoritie interfere.

Out and out professionals such as Willie Mechan, Willia Hoppe, Lee Johnson, Charlie Miller, Bob McAllis-ter, Frankie Jones, and others have been seen in action at the regular weekly bouts which are staged ever-Priday night. It been fide have boxed in shows at which these men have appeared, the ciation of the Amateur Ataletic Union has a big house cleaning on its handand the maction of this organization in regard to the moster has been the

source of no little criticism.

It is the general opinion that in view of the favor with which boxing is held by a large number of ring en-thusiasts, the authorities are allow-ing it to proceed as long as the public willing to allow it to centin

In the face of uniprecedented popul larity of the American collegiate game of football during the past season all over the country, according to the statistics compiled by such pationally known experts and authorities as followers of the game here were sur eation football will be the only styles played in America.

This unofficial committee From far down the street the echo of June's merry laugh came back to her as she prayed in agony.

"You will remember precisely where stanford and the University of Califorhia. The comment referred to was neluded in this report.

A ten years trial has been given the Rugby game on the Pacific coast and, with the exception of Stanford and the University of Santa Clara, all the if you become any more profession. imajority of the preparatory schools at and technical I shall get so mixed that returned to the American code. The Stanford clubs of Los Angeles and Portland recently practically quantcounty voted resolutions for the aban-

American game. The Olympic club of San Francisco ichnitely has decided to much its un-imited basketball team, which wor ly. "right, on this spot is where I the championship or the United States should say passed the veiled woman in year, to defend its import at whatever

or the holding of the Stuly event a small spot in the flagging. Then utariy for the last two months and is mier honors were gained, of the club declare that cettional a thick well stronged her features. She organization. Every member of last year's team is playing again, while Incredulous. Max looked from the overal new men have added material sable-draped figure to the half-faint- by to the strength of the combination Confidence is expressed by the club-membership that the local rindings

IS HEADED BY HERNDON

will repeat their victory.

Santa Fe. N. M., Jan. 15. Herndon of Albuquerque was elected president of the Capital City bank Wednesday, after the stockholders in ment roused the veiled woman from annual meeting had elected the folher lethargy. She turned her head lowing directors: J. B. Herndon J. with a quick, startled movement and Korber, O. N. Marron, C. G. Mardorf, Vencesiao Jaramillo ana R. R. Pol

fearful of what she had done, started rectors were as follows: C. N. Marblack, cut across a lawn, breaking millo, vine president; C. G. Mardorf, into a run. his fist hercely. His quarry had given resources of \$303,415,30, its loans and discounts running up to \$249,767.29

ITS FIRST OFFICERS

Clovis, N. M., Jan. 15. The directors of the bank recently organized here, which is to open its doors for tusiness as soon as a banking house can be secured as I fixtures installed. Wednesday elected officers as follows: President, George W. Singleton; nis; second vice president, James A.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

"At last!" he said exultantly, "I Deafners is caused by an inflamed coninflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is clock that he gripped so tightly. She entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroved forever, nine cases our of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is to mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by cotarrh) that cannot be cured by Hail's Catarrh Cure. Send for par-

Future Installments of "The Red Circle" Each Saturday in the Herald State Hall's Family Pills for consti-